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It is true that artists enchanted by color are sometimes neglectful of form, nor could it well be otherwise; but one cannot always have everything of equal force in a work of art; perhaps it's as well one cannot. George Inness, for example, leaned in early years more toward form than color, but as he grew older his tendency was to put color foremost, and that not merely in his evening-glows and sundown scenes but those in which he dealt with tones of green alone. The painting by Elliott Daingerfield reproduced in black and white owes the major part of its beauty to that feeling for rich color which marks the greater number of his pictures; it is not without psychological reasons that he has given prominence in his thoughtful little treatise on George Inness (privately printed) to the richest most colorful works of the master he has analyzed. He speaks of the "organ-pipes of tone" and says of Inness that from careful analytical reasons "he became the syntheist and more and more he sought expression in great waves of color; occasionally forceful expressions would break from his hand when color and form were perfectly balanced, but with the approach of the end he seemed to lose himself in the musical influence which color gives to some minds."

A like phenomenon has been observed in Rembrandt, Turner and Whistler. Inness justified this passion for color—which is shared by children, primitive folk, birds and insects—by a dictum that Daingerfield records: "An artist's business is to paint what he feels rather than what he sees." Unfortunately this is carried too far by some artists who, in their contempt for form, go to the extreme of neglecting form and good drawing too much.

Daingerfield himself offers an example of this natural, inborn love of color that characterizes certain artists and causes them to paint in a way very difficult to express in words, unless one turns to music and poetry for terms that vaguely and by

analogy set forth the feeling involved. Stern pedants, who perchance are incapable of appreciating the matter through the lack of inborn faculty to observe, have often reprobated the use of such terms as if there were something extravagant and illogical in taking the words for one art and applying it to another; they are like the grammarians who made grammar a fetish, and instead of considering language as our only though imperfect vehicle of expression which existed before grammars were fashioned, become hopeless muddled in the technique of the matter and put the cart before the horse, the arrangement before the spirit of a language. Fortunately the painters who have it in them to see, feel and express the color side of nature pay little attention to these pedagogues who serve their purpose sufficiently by forcing the beginner to learn the technique of his art before trying to express whatever of poetry and music, whatever of feeling he may by good fortune possess.

The period just elapsed has gained but has also suffered from the sway of professors of technique who have lured the public into admiring, often against their instinct and natural sympathies, perfectly arid productions of so-called "impeccable" manufacture which have clogged the exhibitions and repulsed the natural love in mankind for such colors as we see about us in flowers and animals and human beings, in sky and land and ocean. Daingerfield is a painter who has refused to obey the pedagogues. He is of the Academy, having been elected in 1906. He took the Clarke prize at the Academy in 1902. Yet he occupies a place somewhat apart; one observes that he gangs his own gait and uses figures (and very beautiful in line, curve and mass they are) to symbolize landscape, and landscape plus or minus figures in order to register emotions—allowing to the Gradgrinds of his profession all the advantages that such practitioners secure.

WE ARE NOT FORGETTING

WE are often asked why we neglect to speak of certain artists and their exhibitions.

This is because we are not at all interested in fostering crude, immature or mediocre art. Merely clever or trivial or degenerate art needs no encouragement. Such art will grow with the same certainty as the rag-weeds, weeds and thistles in a city lot. We are, of course, sympathetic to all forms of sane art which is clean, even in trivial art that is not vulgar.

But we are primarily interested in stimulating the nation to produce such art as will *endure*, that

is art that is Great, art that is exalting, that lifts us from the commonplace to the poetic. We have made the fostering of such art our one special mission.

If our critics will let this sink into their minds they will no longer wonder at our course. To accomplish our purpose we have from the beginning adopted this motto:

Praise a good work as much as you can.

Ignore a mediocre work as much as you can.

Hit a bad work as hard as you can.

